BIRTHDAY

The Ganges rose to the leviathan

A cloud came and gobbled the Phoebus

A vacuum prevailed

Everything stopped to the dead

Not a feather, not a leaf

The time stopped and so did life

As the timeless reigned

A feeling, a religion, a philosophy

Reduced to nothing

Sorrow, anger, pain Joy, elation, pride Tension, pity, strain All thrown aside The Acme and the Core The Zenith, the Nadir The far, the near No woes, no fear Like the effulgence in the dark Like the oasis in the desert Like the earth in the ocean

Like the pause in the motion

Not a god, not a lord

With a frown on mankind

With nothing, with everything

All the darkness, all the light

All the questions, all their answers

All the doubts, all the certainties

Everything seemed collinear

Everything glittered yet not perturbed

The waves and the songs all lasted

A myth from the heaven chose to fall

The Halo, the Aurora Borealis, the Ignis fatuus The celestial fucking started The cosmos ejaculated a perpetual glow The Hades waited for the quantum ghost The war waged and the blissful pain persisted A layman preached the genesis A sage preached the war A soul preached the nothing A work done Undone All the blossoms sold

All the colors used All the beauty spoiled Everything remained untouched Indifferent The heaven-born demon wailed high The goblins danced the Omega The olympian omelet spelt the Omen And there wasn't even a Nowhere The sperms swam in an ocean of stars To search for a just partner To punch into a colossus Chanting the doom of the dead

The mothers lay naked The fathers on them To give birth to an infinity The bastard Nature buggered A billion and eighty times And no son of a bitch To prevent the divine From attaining the eternal high All the universal wonders Deemed to the puny With a supracosmic indifference The dimensions went astray All the riches and all the virtues Amalgamated into a big ball To play football with it For the fun of the cosmic Czar The Oracle sounded a catastrophe A chaos amongst the asteroids and the meteors A pandemonium occurred in the kingdom of comets The anarchy plundered the perennial peace A golden-soft bathed the culmination That smelt a smoked rose

The quest for the quarks and the Vedic hymns Sang the ecstasy of a never-ending charm Men fell for men Women for women Defying the Nature Ignoring existence All the animals refusing to grow but to live Platonic love ousting the corporal pleasures An unpronounced evolution changed the being The Absolute attained the throne all alone There wasn't a piece of stone

No more sentiments Intelligence out of availability, Thoughts existing but no... A confusion devouring the emotions Mind and soul all merged into a single hole The vagina of Venus bleeds Reptiles...reptiles...reptiles All protesting the curse of the Creation To them life: eczema of existence The electronic enigma And the molecular metaphor

Bombarding the atomic asceticism
The philosophy of the proton
And the nobility of the neutron
Recreate the nebula of the nucleus
The cosmic egg floating on an ocean of semen
To seek a string of islands
The quintessence of which is a countdown
Ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one, zero
I am born.

INTERNATIONAL MEN'S DAY

Then there was man
Who fought the wild
Braved the winter
Dodged the sun
Made the fire
Rode a wheel
Tilled the land
Dug the sand
Brought water

Read books		
Pulled the trigger		
Went to space		
Ruled a people		
Left a sperm		
A fragile Y		
That has to		
Somehow		
Beat 2X		
To stay in the fight		

Carved cities



A sound is a uniform pattern of audible vibrations.

The one that was created when...

The cup full of tea

fell on the floor

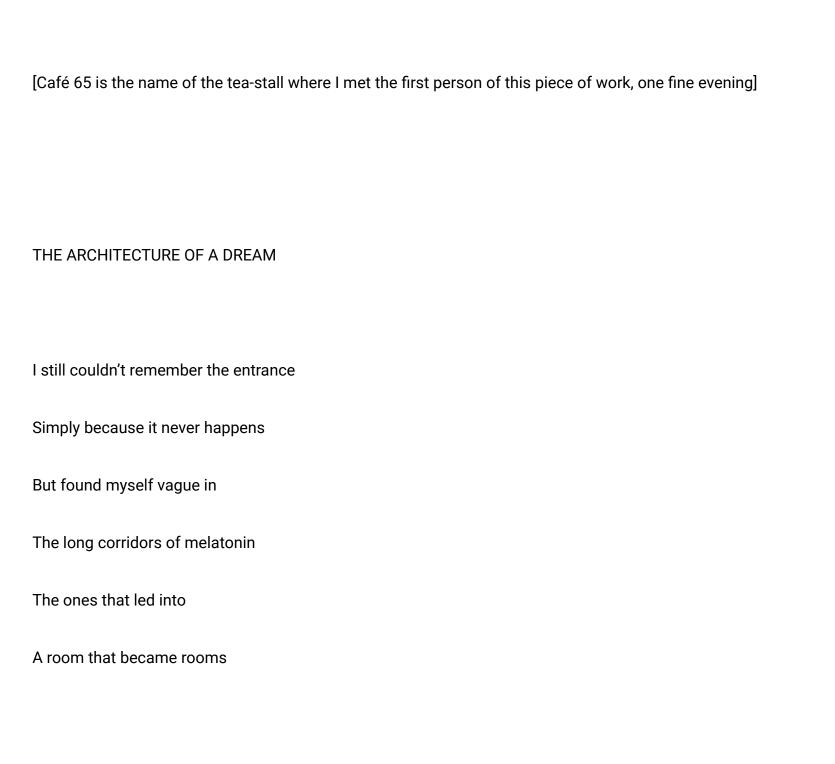
from his hand

Or

When the fat tea-seller slapped the little boy for having dropped the cup full of tea Or When the little boy fell thereby hitting his forehead on the floor and letting out a stream of blood Or

When I stood up took out my revolver and shot the fat man at the forehead exactly where the little boy was hurt Or When the fat bastard fell on the ground and died but

not at once
since the bullet
missed the G-spot
by a whisker.
A noise is an inconsistent pattern of audible vibrations.
The one that was created when
An ambulance
and a police car
arrived together
at the scene
of crime.



Different and many
I had been to
The open courtyard
And the garden
Yet couldn't recall when
The water of the fountain fell
Like the sound of a forgotten smell
On the timeless space
I think I was on the terrace
Then

DOG CIVILIZATION High, high, high Up in the southern sky On cloud nine My penthouse looks divine

Low, low, below

I see them moving slow

Lesser mortals, lowlives:

A Dog Civilization thrives
TI (1)
They can't move fast
For they aren't destined to last
They bark and they fight
Eat, Shit and mate day and night
In houses and on streets
They live with whosoever greets
And though they stink
They claim they can think

Now from my penthouse I see
Another penthouse way above me
From there on my foot, a bone fell
Enchanted, I started wagging my tail.
SNOW
Snow is falling

On the treetops
On the rooftops
On the doorbell
Snow is calling
METAMORPHOSIS OF THE BUTTER-MAN
Yesterday, he came with lots of butter
Some yellow, some white, some grey

Silent as ever, not a word did he utter

His beautiful butters lay ready to prey

The sun was hot like a frying pan

It melted the butters and the man

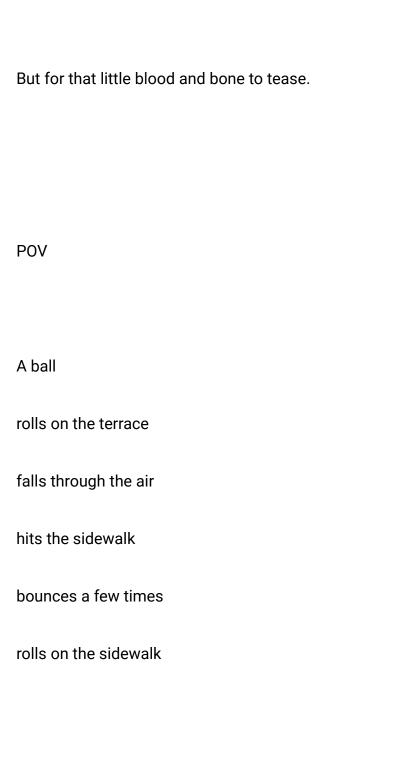
Came evening, away the melting goes

By night, once again the butters froze

Today, a huge chunk of butter is it

The breakfast smells of milk and cheese

A diet very healthy indeed



The CHILD	
dies.	
LEATHER SOFA	
I am sitting on a leather sofa	
In front of me a low oval wooden table	
On the table a glass	

stops.

In the glass some whiskey In the whiskey some sleep In the sleep an oblivion In the oblivion some solace That You could have given me By not drinking the whiskey By not getting high By not abusing me By not getting killed By not sending me to jail By not depressing me

By not making me a drunk
By not making me drink the whiskey
In the glass
On the low oval wooden table
In front of the leather sofa
That I just left
For good
For our home
For another leather sofa
Where we made love the first time
Where we fought the last time

Where your eviscerated body lay that day
Where asleep now lies another:
A helpless little body commemorating our dead love story.
THE YELLOW TRAM WITH A RED SCAR
As I take a stroll every evening
There in those woods so green
I watch come to me from afar
A yellow tram with a red scar

The tram comes from a future

I conceived in the past

A world with a bloody culture

I once designed to last

Now as I board the tram

I journey to my end

For my future is a sham

My death's a trend

But the tram changed course And travels back in time For my past's the true source Of each and every crime The tram moves fast And the woods go brown As I reached my past I got down with a frown It took me some time

I righted my past I cremated my crime Returned at last As I strolled the after evening Within my mind ever so green I perceived a thought afar Yellow, but without a scar.

HOW TO MAKE AN OMELET?

Step 1

Pick up a stone

Aim well at the hen

Now the egg lies alone

As the bird flies away in pain

Step 2

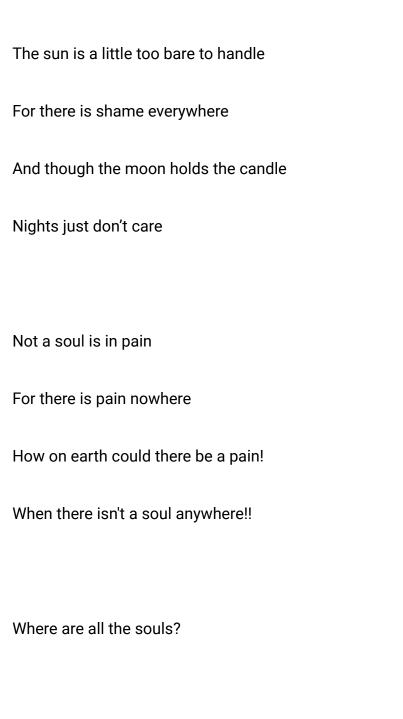
Pick up the egg

Put it in your handbag

Let the chick-less hen beg

Let the childless mother nag
Step 3
In the frying pan
Heat the oil a little late
Sprinkle some salt if you can
Crack the egg and fry the omelet
Step 4
Serve the delicious omelet
With some green chili sauce

On a pretty looking glass plate
As another mother awaits a child loss.
LOVE
The war is over
Bodies lie dead
Vultures hover
Soulless, naked



The corpses stare at the heavens high above
As they lie in their holes,
Their souls look for new bodies destined to love.
THE FOUR DECADES OF THE DECLINE OF THE CONJUGAL DIALOGUE
,,,,,,,,,
 !!!!!!!!
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SOME TIME BACK

Speeding frames, chocolate wrappers

Satin tracks, nettled trappers

Flying footboard flirting with danger

Twenty knot knot winks at the stranger

Meadows green smoke iron dark

Whistling birds at dogs bark

Blitzing low

Met a crow
Then hair, I saw her
The sweet thereafter.
PEDOPHILE
It's 7:00 pm
Mother is making dinner in the kitchen
Bill is doing his homework in his room

I am washing my bicycle in the backyard of our house

Cindy is watching Tom and Jerry on TV

It's 7:30 pm

The doorbell rings

Tom and Jerry is over.

POÈME

Pleuvons amis le doux

Du ciel noir de soucis

Notre terre en souffre, et nous

Le feu, le sang – les pis

Notre terre est en feu

Nos mères pleurent leurs fils

Pour mourir, il s'en faut de peu

À vivre, c'est rester dans les vices

Allons aller à la guerre

Mais cette fois sauver la vie
Nous devons les pleurs à nos mères
Faisons de notre terre un paradis.
[LES VÉCUS par Mainak Ganguly]
DOČI 15
POÈME
Tu viens et me soulèves
Mon ami, mon rêve

Comme je déteste la vie
Que je vis
Tous les bonheurs s'échappent de moi
Triste et déçu, je dors pour toi.
[LES VÉCUS par Mainak Ganguly]
POÈME

Nous rentrons de là

Il est minuit	
Le ciel étoilé luit	
Nous sommes trois	
Nous étions quatre	
Mais elle s'enfuit	
Nous rentrons de ses obsèques	
Nous rentrons de là	
Ses souvenirs, ses rêves, son amour	
Nous rentrons avec tout cela	
Nous rentrons d'Au-delà.	

[LES VÉCUS par Mainak Ganguly] POÈME Le soleil se jette sur ses cheveux gris En passant par la vieille grille Demain il aura sa liberté de toutes ses peines Désormais il ne portera jamais de lourdes chaînes Mais ça lui fait très mal de quitter cette salle Son cœur s'est déjà mis à faire de tristes râles

Il se lève mais il ne peut pas marcher, il tire					
Les chaînes auxquelles il est attaché, la situation empire					
Il ferme ses yeux – Demain s'ouvre					
On l'amène dans le gouffre					
Il s'adosse contre le mur					
La carabine rugit					
Une bourrasque de vie					
Le saisit.					
[LES VÉCUS par Mainak Ganguly]					

POÈME

Le stylo rouge patiente pour être pris

Contre le mur il y a le tapis

Sur le fridge les lunettes attendent

Au fond du placard quelques poésies s'étendent

Celles-ci ont longuement mérité un beau lot

Cependant des mites en mangent chaque jour quelques mots

Au-dessous de tout cela vivent bien les beaux-arts

Qui depuis toujours abritent la vieille famille Lézard.
[LES VÉCUS par Mainak Ganguly]
L'HISTOIRE DE NODI
Le tumulte prévalait sur toute ma vie où

Nodi me dit de me marier avec elle aussitôt que possible car ses parents se dépêchaient de la marier avec un Das, un monsieurMonsieur Das
qui était médecin. Mais, malgré moi, je ne pouvais pas me marier avec Nodi comme je n'étais pas un monsieur Das mais un monsieur Ganguly
qui était un pur chômeur flop or je savais très bien que je devrais faire quelque chose qui puisse m'unir à Nodi à jamais et j'en parlai à Dupur,
Monsieur Dupur Dutta, mon âme-y, qui me conseilla de me trouver un emploi, peut-être dans l'usine où il travaillait, et ainsi de me débarrasser
de ma vie de chômeur et de me marier avec Nodi car nous savions très bien que les parents de Nodi ne marieraient jamais leur enfant unique
un chômeurun pur chômeur flopun Ganguly flopun FLOP???

...Attends! Attends! Y a encore à cette histoire et cela nous amena, Dupur et moi, dans cette usine...cette petite usine... cette petite usine de jute dans le quartier de Gondalpara.

Et là lorsque, comme pour travailler, nous nous mettions debout devant la grande machine parlant tonnerre aux autres qui en faisaient autant je ne pouvais rien entendre... ni Dupur, ni les machines, ni les autres qui y travaillaient comme moi pour gagner leur Nodi ou leur vie, je sais pas quoi. De plus, ces râles finirent même par m'empêcher de m'entendre à jamais et...

Le silence règne partout.

DEVLOK

After having served his office for a little more than four years, Eshe was asked to practise the pursuit solo. He was ordered to leave the premises of the Mission with immediate effect and pursue the Quest in the austerity of the Devlok — a mountain range to the north of the plateau where the Mission is situated.

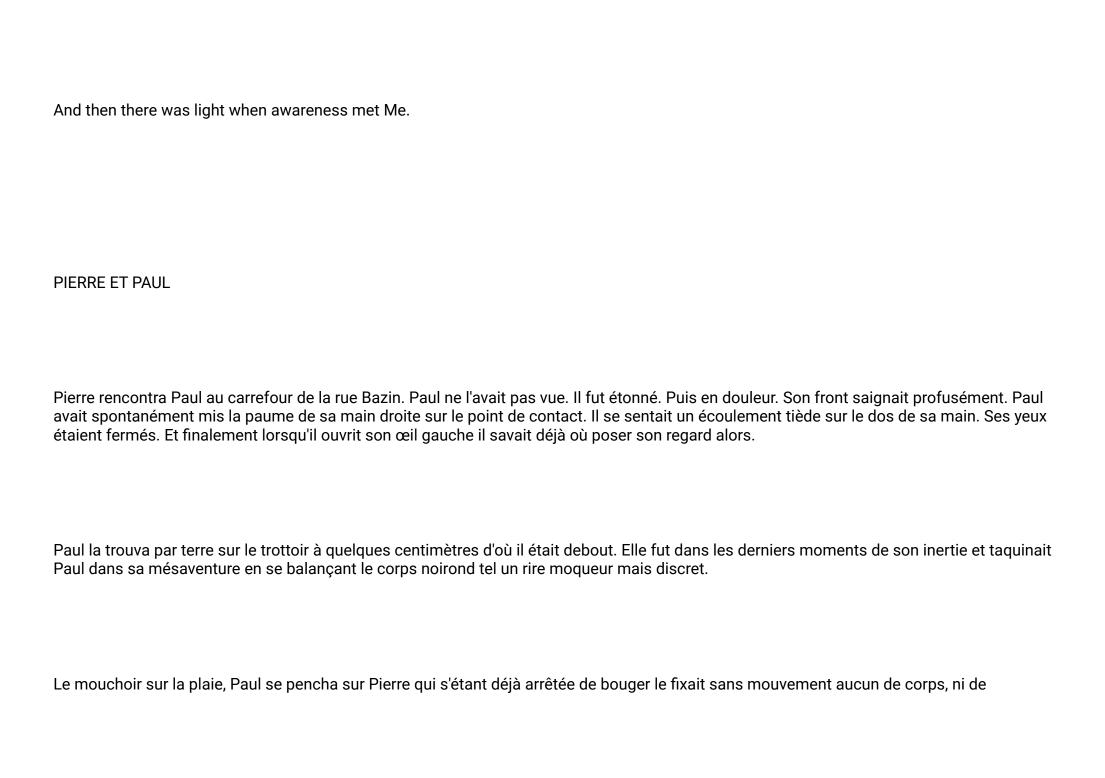
Eshe took his belongings — his body, mind and a cloth bag that had nothing except the mark of the Mission. It took him two full days to reach his destination — a cave some three thousand metres above sea level. There was nothing in the cave except for the energy of his predecessor who once meditated here. It was dark outside, very dark and probably that's what poisoned the cold even more. The next day even before a daybreak Eshe had already surveyed the place: He found a stream not very far and a few vegetation even, some fruits he never knew existed before.

The cave was in the luxury of the Nature. Everything was bright and beautiful around. The day brought him songs of birds and a gentle breeze on a tender Sun. Eshe performed the necessary rituals and sat down in the required posture just a few feet away from the cave. The serenity and the opulence of the place had an immediate effect on his body and mind. The breeze, the fragrance of the flowers, the chant of the birds, the warmth of the Sun and life of the place took to him. Eshe was not able to concentrate at all and was hungry. He tried a few fruits from the trees nearby and was even hungrier. He drank some water from the stream and his thirst was more.

Eshe was feeling sad all of a sudden. He remembered his Mission fondly and was craving to join his brothers back there. He recalled how they used to be together all the time in the Mission and how they used to have fun amongst each other: The prayers, the activities, the classes...Eshe saw his family right in front of him. His father — oh, what a loving man he was. He used to shower Eshe with gifts when Eshe was a child. He could see the sad smile on his Mother who died when Eshe was so young. Eshe was very fond of his sisters and how they used to play hide and

seek in the woods nearby Tears were rolling down Eshe's cheeks.
Eshe opened his eyes. The Devil was smiling at him.
THE ENLIGHTENED
A breeze strayed about for some time before dropping a seed on the ground by the riverside.
The river flowed

Sid wandered about for a few months before falling unconscious with a fever. He was unconscious for quite some time and one day in the morning when he opened his eyes he found that his fever had gone away.
Sid got up and looked around him. He found that he had been lying under a huge tree. He saw a river flowing not very far from where he was. Then he saw the mountains and the forests.
Sid was tired and famished. He sat down under the tree. He rummaged his rucksack for some cake or biscuit; didn't find any though. He was in despair.
Something fell on his lap. Sid saw that it was a fruit. A big yellow fruit. It smelled appetizing. Sid ate the fruit. It was delicious! He was full. He leaned against the trunk of the tree and closed his eyes.
Somewhere afar a cow was mooing. The birds were chanting. The river was flowing. A gentle breeze was blowing. The sun was shining. It felt aware under the shade of the tree



métaphore.
Paul prit Pierre et la plaça au creux de sa paume. Il se leva la main au niveau de ses yeux pour examiner Pierre de plus près.
Il y avait sur son petit corps lisse et noirond une fine trace rouge. Pierre était immobile. Elle fut rigide et froide. Elle fut inerte. Paul fut en vie: il pleurait, il saignait, il était en douleur et d'esprit et de corps.
Les mâchoires endurcies, Paul s'affermit l'index, le majeur et le pouce autour de Pierre et se tourna le cou. Pierre, quant à elle, rentrait peu à peu dans un état d'activité.